

The Bloomfield Record.

S. M. HULIN, Publisher.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, BUT TRUTH IS THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

TERMS—\$1.50 per Annum.

VOL. IV. NO. 2.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1876.

WHOLE NO. 158.

The Bloomfield Record.

is Independent Weekly Newspaper.

Devoted to Local and General News, Choice Family Reading, First-Class Advertising.

Terms \$1.50 in Advance. Subscriptions Begin at any Time.

OFFICE ON GLENWOOD AVENUE.

Space.	1w.	2w.	1m.	3m.	6m.	12m.
1 inch	50	95	1.50	3.50	6.50	10.00
2 "	85	1.25	2.25	4.50	8.00	12.00
3 "	1.15	1.75	2.75	5.50	10.00	15.00
4 "	1.45	2.15	3.25	6.50	11.00	17.00
5 "	1.75	2.45	3.75	7.50	12.00	19.00
6 "	2.05	2.75	4.25	8.50	13.00	21.00
7 "	2.35	3.05	4.75	9.50	14.00	23.00
8 "	2.65	3.35	5.25	10.50	15.00	25.00
9 "	2.95	3.65	5.75	11.50	16.00	27.00
10 "	3.25	3.95	6.25	12.50	17.00	29.00

AT THE

RECORD PRINTING OFFICE

We are prepared to do, Promptly, Skillfully, and at Low Rates, ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, from a Bill-head to a Book.

Compositional Stationery, Letter and Note Heads, Envelopes, Etc., Furnished, Ready and Printed according to order.

Professional and Business Cards.

DENTISTRY.

W. E. PINKHAM, D. D. S.,

Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College.

481 BROAD STREET,

NEWARK, N. J.

DR. E. MACFARLAN

(Late of N. Y. Ophthalmic Hospital.)

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR A SPECIALTY.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Clinic for Poor from 9 to 10 A. M.

No. 29 BANK STREET, CORNER HALSETT STREET,

NEWARK, N. J.

CHARLES H. BAILEY, M. D.,

(Late of the New York Hospital.)

Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE: NEXT WILDE'S STORE.

Office Hours, 9 to 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Boards at Park House.

3 to 5 and 7 to 8.

DR. C. S. STOCKTON,

DENTIST.

(Successor to Dr. Colburn.)

No 15 Cedar street,

NEWARK, N. J.

J. B. PITT, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Residence on Broad Street three doors above

Presbyterian Church.

Office hours 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

JOHN H. EVANS,

PRACTICAL PAINTER.

ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,

GRAINING, GILDING, &c., &c.

Corner Linden Avenue and Thomas Street,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

See All orders promptly executed.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

TO BE HAD AT

DR. WHITE'S FAMILY DRUG STORE.

Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, 5 to 8 P. M.

THOMAS TAYLOR,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office at his residence on Bloomfield Avenue,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

SAMUEL CARL,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Keeps constantly on hand

CLOTHS, CASIMERE, VESTINGS, READY MADE

CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD.

1858. D. W. SMITH 1875

(Shop and Residence, Franklin Street.)

House, Sign & Ornamental

PAINTER.

GRAINING, PAPER HANGING, KAL-

SOMINING, GLAZING, ETC.

RUDOLPH BRUETT,

PAINTER,

Preceptor, Kalamazoo, Grainer,

Glasgow, &c.

Having established the business of Plain and Or-

namental Painting in the township of Bloomfield

in the year 1858, I feel entitled to claim a more

established business, in this line, in Bloomfield,

and to have given the most perfect satisfaction to

my patrons.

Orders addressed to me (Box 129, P. O.) will be

attended to with promptness.

Banks and Insurance.

INSURE IN THE

HUMBOLDT

(MUTUAL)

INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS OVER \$326,000.

OFFICE 133 BROAD STREET,

(Next County National Bank Building)

NEWARK, N. J.

This Company insures against loss and damage by

fire, Dwellings, Furniture, Buildings and Mer-

chandise, at favorable rates, and on the MUTUAL

or non-participating plan.

OFFICERS:

J. GRAYDON, Sec'y.

J. A. HEDDER, Treas.

J. C. LUDLOW, Pres't.

E. W. MCCLAVE, Vice Pres't.

Essex County Mutual

INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHARTERED IN 1848.

Office on Liberty Street, a few doors east of Broad,

BLOOMFIELD.

This Company continues to insure Dwellings

Merchandise, and other property, on terms

more favorable than any other Company. It has

a large capital, and is therefore able to meet

claims like the Chicago fire.

E. B. DODD, President.

We Lay Us Down to Sleep.

We lay us down to sleep,

And leave to God the rest;

Whether to wake or weep,

Or wake no more to beat.

Why vex our souls with care?

The grave is cool and low;

Have we found life so fair?

That we should dread to go?

We've kissed love's sweet, red lips,

And left them sweet and red.

The rose the wild bee sips

Bleoms on when he is dead.

Some faithful friends we've found,

But those who love us best,

When we are under ground,

Will laugh on with the rest.

No task have we begun

But other hands can take;

No work beneath the sun

For which we need to wake.

Then hold us fast, sweet death,

If so it seemeth best.

To him who gave us breath

That we should go to rest.

We lay us down to sleep,

Our weary eyes we close;

Whether to wake or weep,

Or wake no more, He knows.

—Christian Union.

THE MAIL-CARRIER.

A STORY OF THE WINTER OF 1864.

In the frontier town of Nebraska lived John Dalton. This name had fallen into such a state of neglect and non use that it would scarcely have been recognized by the old associates of its lawful owner, and even to him, I doubt not, would have sounded strangely.

He was better known, particularly on the borders, as Captain Jack.

After his own simple fashion he was a

character with a history. His title he

won gallantly, and wore easily.

One day, in the Rocky mountains, a

small party of miners, surrounded by an

overpowering number of Indians, re-

reated into a canyon. For three days

and nights, with little intermission, the

combat continued. On the first day the

leader of the gallant little band fell, and

Dalton, then a youth, was selected, on

account of his cool, determined bravery,

to carry on the defense.

When relief came, he was found be-

hind an extemporized barricade, at the

entrance of the canyon, his companions

either dead or wounded, holding his

post with a desperate courage which

would have abated with death only.

At the time I presented him to the

reader he was fully fifty years old, but

he was as full of life and vigor as a

man of thirty. He was a man of

no flesh to spare, plenty of bone and

muscle and awkwardness, his head cov-

ered with a shock of sandy hair, decked

with gray, his beard shaggy, his fea-

tures rugged.

Natural, methodical and fond of

quiet, he sought a peaceful ending in a

stormy career, and had, as he expressed it,

"settled down." With his small

earnings he bought a cottage, and for an

excursion carried the mail between two

little towns in Nebraska, some fifteen

miles apart.

The winter of 1864 is memorable for

its severity. Accounts from all parts of

the country added to the long list of the

suffering caused. Many perished with

cold at their very thresholds, in the

thoroughfares of cities, where relief was

on every side, strong men fell and were

buried in the snow. A black year in

the annals of the poor.

One morning of that year, the ther-

mometer way down below zero, John

Dalton, mounted on his faithful horse,

received the mail. For five years, come

and go, promptly to the minute, in

good weather and also in bad, excepting

only Sundays, he made his daily jour-

ney.

He took the old familiar road, passed

by his humble home without appearing

to notice it, and as was his wont, stop-

ped on the summit of a knoll commanding

the east front of the cottage, and

only a few yards from it, for what he

called his "blessing." At the window

stood his wife with infant in her arms,

the wee thing waving its hands and

smiling. On either side were a little

boy and girl, each mounted on a chair

the better to get a last look at the father

who was so dear to them.

This was the good-bye that warmed

the man's blood, made his lips quiver

with a smile, and sent him on his way

rejoicing.

Between its termini the road had two

distinctive features, about five miles

apart, known as the Lone Tree; the

other was called Bacon's Run, a ravine

bordered by a thin growth of stunted

timber. On the line of the road, or in

proximity to it, there was no habitation

or shelter for man or beast. The prairie

was high and rolling.

The first part of the journey was made

in the usual way, at half-past two

o'clock in the afternoon Dalton started

on his return. He was not twenty yards

away when he was overtaken by the

postmaster, who charged him to be di-

ligent in the delivery of a highly im-

portant letter.

At this time a change had taken place

in the weather. A thick haze over-

spread the sun, paling it to the hue of silver;

the wind had shifted to the northeast.

These signs had not escaped Dalton's

notice. The moon taintless, like the

sailor, soon learns that life itself often

depends on the quick recognition of the

friendly warnings which nature gives to

the wayfarer. He scanned the narrow-

ing horizon, and urged his horse to a

brisk trot. He reached Bacon's Run,

passed it, and mounted to the level of

the prairie. From this point, on a clear

day, the top of the Lone Tree could be

outlined, but now the clouds had come

so heavy and lowering, and the haze

had become so thickened, that objects near

at hand were indistinct. Melancholy,

stifled gusts came passing the traveler

from all quarters, as if telling him to

hasten. As he looked at the clouds his

contentment was an air of apprehen-

sion. He was not kept long in a state

of expectancy.

A mote, pure and white, came flut-

ter down, buffeted by the wind, now

here, now there, uncertain where to go.

It finally sought refuge on Dalton's

furrowed coat. Others soon followed with

hesitation, now stopping and ascending,

as though to return to the home whence

they came, but finally descending and

seeking rest in obscure hiding places.

These insignificant specks became larger,

a more numerous, bolder, took possession

and covered all things with a garment

of white. The situation was plain—a

snow storm on the prairie was at hand.

Dalton thought of the comfortable lit-